THE PRAIRIE NEWS.

An American Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Latest News, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, Home Industry, &c., &c.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMEST AT BE THY COUNTRY'S, GOD'S AND TRUTH'S."

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POETRY.

A WEDDING NOTICE.

[The Georgia Citizen copies the following from the Prairie News of some three years ago. As it is old enough to be new, we "send it up."—R. N.

MARRIED—On Tuesday, the 10th inst., at the residence of Mr. J. D. Taylor, by Elder J. A. Butler, Miss MARY PICKENS TAYLOR and Mr. WILLIAM N. ANDERSON—both of Okolona.

Bill Anderson, my beau, Bill,
When printers undertake
To publish nuptial doings, Bill,
Their fee is paid in cake;
But such a cake as yours, Bill,
Deserves a verse or so,
Of something up to concert pitch,
Bill Anderson, my beau.

Bill Anderson, my beau Bill,
When Nature fixed this "trick"
Of marrying, she ordained, Bill,
The boys should have the pick;
But 'tis not every boy, Bill,
Who, picking to and fro,
Finds "Pickens" such as you have found,
Bill Anderson, my beau.

Bill Anderson, my beau, Bill,
You have the printer's prayer
That your bark may aye be wafted, Bill,
By breezes soft and fair;
And may your bonny bride, Bill,
Find Heaven begun below,
In her (plural, if you like it best)
Bill, *and her son*, my beau.

A JEALOUS LOVER.

My dearest Arabeller,
You've been in my heart a dweller,
And if I catch you talkiny to another feller,
I'll pick up a broom or umbreller
And hit you on the sneller,
And make you beller!

ORIGINAL.

Written Expressly for the Prairie News.

MY FIRST LOVE.

BY M———.

CONCLUDED.

Seated beneath one of those tall, stately long-leaf pine trees, so common in North Carolina, might be seen a pale, but lovely girl of seventeen, with clasped hands and eyes turned toward heaven in deep, earnest prayer. Her beautiful dark hair, which was ever so carefully arranged, now hung in rich profusion over a neck and shoulders that would rival the lily in whiteness. The breeze, as it cut its way through the leafy pine, made a low mournful noise quite in unison with the feelings of this sad, sad girl; she uttered not a word, yet her prayer grew more earnest as she listened to this mournful sound, and thought of her desolate and lost condition. This girl, gentle reader, was the lovely Kate, she who, during her whole life-time, had never been so long absent from some kind friend to aid her in distress, or answer to her call.—Her spirits were wrought almost to a state of distraction; yet, one would not have so judged her, to have seen how calmly she sat gazing at the starry heavens, for the storm which had raged so furiously had abated, the dark clouds had passed away and left unobscured the stars and moon, which shone with all their wonted brilliancy. But, perhaps the reader would like to know how she came to be here. Well, after she had left myself and the rest of the party with such speed, she dropped her hat, she said, knowing that I would stop to pick it up; that she might get far ahead of me, and after running some distance up the road in order to annoy me as much as possible, she turned to one side of the road that I might pass and she wait for the rest of the party, never dreaming for once, of having taken the wrong road, thinking the company would come every moment. She waited until almost dark; becoming alarmed at their delay, she whipped into the road and took the direction I had gone. How far she ran, or what occurred after that, she knew not, so terribly was she frightened. Her horse stumbled, however, and threw her over his head, which accidentally did not hurt her, the horse taking fright, ran off immediately, she after him with all her might, screaming at every step until, becoming so completely exhausted, that she fell prostrate in the road, and there lay until the rain so drenched her that she was, in some measure, restored; then drawing herself to one side of the road, she unconsciously seated herself beneath this tree. She then gave herself up for lost, and her agony was indescribable. What then would she have given to have been at her dear home, to have been with her dear friends; her father, whom she loved more than all others on earth, how would he bear the sad news of his lost child? Her dearly beloved mother who had nurtured her from infancy, how could she bear the news of her lost daughter? So perfectly absorbed in this train of thought, she noticed not the fury of the storm, but resigning herself to the will of Providence, she awaited death, which she thought would inevitably come, never once thinking of to-morrow's sunshine, for had she so thought, she would not have been woman.

But I will take you back to my own sheltering tree, where I remained until the rain almost ceased and the moon, at short intervals, would shine out, rendering objects at a short distance, visible; then giving my horse the rein, I started out, not without, however, feelings of a far different nature than any I had ever felt. I resolved that I would never return home, nor seek the face of any human being on earth, until I found the object of my search, or perished in the attempt. I did not, at first, pretend to guide my horse, but let him choose his own way, until my impatience became so great to find my road, that I must have turned him around, which I soon found out, judging from his unwillingness to go. But thinking, as all lost persons do, that I was in the right, I whipped him on until, coming to a creek that I had not before seen, I knew that I was wrong; I was then satisfied that my only chance to ever get back was by the instinct of my horse. Once more I gave him loose rein and gave myself up to thought. The moon seemed to shed its light more brightly than I had ever before seen it. Nothing disturbed my thoughts, or rather I might say, distracted reverie, save every now and then some wild animal would leap out before me, with a low, sullen growl, as if mad that I should disturb him in his midnight search for his prey. My horse began to exhibit signs of very great hunger and fatigue and heartily did I sympathise with the poor fellow, for he had been to me, that day, all that I could have required; but as for myself, I felt that I needed or wanted nothing in the world but the dear object of my search. I succeeded at last in regaining my road, though at a very late hour. Just imagine, gentle reader, for a moment, that you were yourself in that wilderness—that uninhabited wilderness, all solitary and alone, at the dead hour of night, when all earth seemed wrapt in the most profound slumber, nothing to be heard or seen, save the bright stars, or the pale faced moon as she silently climbed her midnight path, shedding her rays in rich profusion over a tranquil and seemingly happy world. It were enough for one to be thus alone, at such an hour, without being burdened with the weight of grief, which bore so heavily upon me. Though on I travelled, but at a very slow pace, for my faithful horse had almost done his last; but day beginning to dawn, my feelings were to some extent relieved, and not until that time had I felt the least hunger or fatigue, and, had I imagined for a moment what indescribable joy awaited me in the next half mile, my then depressed spirits would have been as fresh and buoyant as they were the morning previous, at starting on my trip. Coming to a sudden turn in the road, Rainbow, who was ever on the lookout, was first to discover. Stopping short, he threw his ears forward, gave a low neigh, as if in recognition, advanced within a few feet of her and stopped again. My joy was so sudden, so transporting, so perfectly indescribable, that for a moment I was unable to utter a single word, or move from my seat. She, too, by so suddenly meeting a meeting, was affected in the same manner. But the spell which bound us both seemed broken at the same time, and the next instant I clasped her in my arms.

"O Charley!"

"My own Kate!"

How long we remained thus, without saying more, I know not; but half fainting she reclined her head upon my throbbing bosom, and then it was that I banished all boyish reserve, and with a heart almost bursting with love, I feasted on those nectar lips. Again I did as I had often, in childhood, done, kiss away her tears; but I did not bid her weep no more, for I could not speak. When her beautiful dark eye was reflected to mine, I could there read love as deep and voluminous as the ocean itself. But, gentle reader, when the portals of my heart did open I poured a volume of love into her listening ear as pure and heavenly as ever eminated from the heart or lips of mortal man. But who could not have loved? who could not have idolized such loveliness? for in her I saw concentrated every female virtue and quality that I ever imagined woman to possess. She, too, not only by looks but an honest confession, told she loved me. Whilst Rainbow was appeasing his morbid apetite with the luxuriant grass that grew upon the road side, Kate, with her hand in mine, told me the sad tale of anguish in which she had spent the night, and ere we arose from that pleasant seat, and that never to be forgotten old pine tree, the sun had arisen high in the heavens. In our trouble and excitement, we had felt neither hunger or fatigue up to this time, although we had not tasted a mouthful of food since the morning previous. Fortunately for Kate, she espied upon a low bush not far from the road, that which had been the cause of all our trouble, some sour grapes.

So Kate feasted on sour grapes
As I had feasted on Kate's sweet lips.

I was compelled to take Kate up behind me, as her horse had run off, perhaps had gone home, and about four hours' ride took us to old squire Hinton's, where we expected to have staid the night before. We found but few of the party there; they had become alarmed at our non-appearance, and had scattered in every direction in search of us.—One of the party had gone back home to learn all he could and tell all he knew. Old Mother Hinton, the kindest old lady in the world, wept like a child at our misfortune, and bestowed upon us every care and attention that our own mothers could have done. After giving us a nice dinner, she took Kate into her own room, and as the weather was very warm, not being satisfied with placing her upon a nice lounge by a window, but with her own hands faned her the whole evening whilst sleeping; and I was not long in covering my own self all over in one of the best sleeps I ever had. The party droped in, one by one, until all came, except the one who had gone home. About ten o'clock I was awoke by music and merry talking. I arose and crept noiselessly to the door. On my way I could distinguish Kate's merry ringing laugh above all the rest. I felt good, but when I beheld her on the floor as the partner of Bob Hinton, a pang of jealousy shot through my heart, and in I bolted. I had scarcely cleared the door before the company saw me, and at me they came with a shout—the boys shook my hand and embraced me, and the girls all smothered me with kisses; for in that day the girls were not afraid to kiss. That night we had a real old-fashioned breakdown frolic. By times the next morning, Mr. Hinton started a boy back to inform our parents and friends that the lost were found, and that we would all return home that evening. We borrowed a horse for Kate, and got an early start back. We met a messenger that evening, just before getting into the neighborhood, informing us that we were all expected at old Capt. Clarendon's to supper, and there we found all of our friends assembled to welcome us, and such rejoicing as was there was never before known in that neighborhood since the one grand jubilee at the end of the revolutionary war, when victory was gained over the red coats. Our parents had us to relate the sad tale over again. They needed not words to tell them how dear we were to each other. My father took Kate by the hand, and her father took mine, leading us together, her hand was placed in mine, with a solemn blessing from both the old soldiers. A minister being present and all things ready, we were joined together, world without end. Kate has five children. My first is a boy whom I call Grapes; my second a daughter whom I call Kate; my third Robert, my fourth Edward, and my fifth little Charley. And thus concludes, my friends, the story of "my first love."

MISCELLANY.

Annie Laurie.

"If you want to hear Annie Laurie sung, come to my house," said a man to his friend. "We have a love lorn fellow in the vilage, who was sadly wrecked by the refusal of a girl whom he had been paying attention to for a year or more.—It is seldom he will attempt the song, but when he does, I tell you, it draws tears from eyes unused to weeping."

A small selected company had assembled in a small pleasant parlor, and were gaily chatting and laughing when a tall young man entered, whose peculiar face and air instantly arrested their attention. He was very pale, with that clear vivid complexions which dark haired consumtives so often have. His locks were as black as jet, and hung profusely upon a square white collar. His eyes were very large and spiritual, and his brow such an one as a poet should have. But for a certain wandering look, a casual observer would have pronounced him a man of uncommon intellectual powers. The words 'poor fellow' and 'how sad he looks' went the rounds as he came forward, bowed to the company, and took his seat. One or two thoughtless girls laughed as they whispered that he was 'love-cracked'—but the rest treated him with a respectful deference.

It was late in the evening when singing was proposed, and to ask him to sing 'Annie Laurie' was a task of uncommon delicacy. One song after another was sung, and at last that one was named.—At its mention the young man turned deadly pale, but did not speak; he seemed instantly to be lost in reverie. "The name of the girl who treated him so badly was Annie," said a lady, whispering to the new guest—but oh! I wish he would sing it; nobody else can do it justice."

"No one dares sing Annie Laurie before you, Charles," said an elderly lady; "would it be too much to ask you to favor the company with it?" she added timidly.

He did not reply for a moment—his lips quivered a little, and then looking up as if he saw a spiritual presence, he began. Every sound was hushed—it seemed as if his voice were the voice of an angel. The tones vibrated through nerve and pulse, and heart, and made one shiver with the pathos of his feelings; never was heard melody in a human voice like that—so plaintive, so soul-full—so tender and earnest!

He sat with his head thrown back, his eyes half closed—the locks of hair glistening against his pale temples, his fine throat swelling with the rich tones, his hands lightly folded before him; and as he sung—

"And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true—"

it seemed as if he shook from head to foot with emotion. Many a lip trembled—and there was no jesting, no laughing; but instead, tears in more than one eye.

And on he sang, and on, holding every one in rapt attention, till he came to the last verse—

"Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' of her fairy feet—
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me—"

He paused before he added—

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die."

There was a long solemn pause. The black locks seemed to grow blacker—the white temples whiter—almost imperceptibly the head falling back—the eyes were close shut. One glanced at another—all seemed awe struck—till the same person who urged him to sing laid her hand gently on his shoulder saying:

"Charles, Charles!"

Then came a hush—a thrill of terror crept through every frame—the poor tried heart had ceased to beat—Charles, the love betrayed was dead.

A Yankee in a Cotton Mill.

BY CROSBY S. NOYES.

A raw, straw-hatted, sandy-whiskered, sixfooter—one of the purely uninitiated, came in yesterday from Greene with a load of wood for the Factory Company. Having piled his wood to the satisfaction of the overseer, he baited his team with a bundle of green grass, brought all the way from home for that purpose, and then having invested a portion of his wood proceeds in root pear and gingerbread at Ham's, he started to see the "city"—filling his countenance rapidly with bread, and chewing it rapidly as he went.

He reviewed the iron foundry and machine shop, and was just opposite the warp-mill as the "hands" were going in from dinner. The girls were hurrying in, as only factory girls *can* hurry—and Jonathan, unaccustomed to such an array of plaid shawls and hook-bonnets, deposited his goad-stick on the stairs, and stalked in "to see what the trouble was."

The clattering machinery and the movements of the operators bewildered him for a moment; but being of an inquiring turn of mind, and seeing much that was calculated to perplex one whose observation in mechanics had been mostly confined to threshing machines and corn-shellers, he began to push vigorous inquiries in all directions. In this way he made himself acquainted successfully with the external and internal economy of the various machines through which cotton-warp progresses in the course of its manufacture—the "picker," "beater," "lap winder," "doubler," and "speeder,"—and finally reached the "breakers," and "finishers" just as the cardstripper was going through the operation, technically termed "stripping the flats." In doing this, the large cylinder of the card is exposed to view, and is seen revolving with a very pretty buzz. Not contented with contemplating the "poetry of motion" at a safe distance, our hero must needs introduce himself between the cards, to get a nearer view. This movement brought his nether habiliments in dangerous proximity to the gearing of the next card, and "thereby hangs a tale."

"You—I say! She goes pooty—don't she, boss?" said Jonathan inquiringly.

"We don't do anything else," responded the stripper; "but you must be very careful how you move around amongst this hardware. Twas only last week, sir, that a promising young man from Minot, a student at the Academy there, was drawn into that very card, sir and, before any assistance could reach him, he was run through, and manufactured into No. 16 'super-extra' cotton yarn."

"I s-s-swow! I believe you're joking!" stuttered Jonathan.

"Fact, sir," continued the stripper, "and his disconsolate mother came down two days ago, and got five bunches of the same yarn as melancholly relics."

"By the mighty! that can't be true!"

"Fact, sir, fact! and each of his fellow students purchased a skein apiece; to be set in lockets, and worn in remembrance of departed worth."

"Is that the truth now? Was he *railly* keerded, spun, and sot in lockets?"

A sense of personal danger here shot across our hero's mind, and he began to retreat precipitately, without waiting for an answer. There was not much room to spare betwixt himself and the gearing of the card behind him. Another step backward completed the ceremony of introduction. His unmentionables being of large caliber, the process of snarling them up into a hard knot was no ways slow. Jonathan gave tongue instanter, and by the twentieth gyration of the embodiment the music was melodious.—Gen. Scott, himself, could not have protested more forcibly against an "attack upon his *rear*."

"O-h! M-u-r-d-e-r! Let go!—you h-u-r-t! Blast your picture—let go!—Aint ye ashamed? Git eout—taint pooty! Darnation soize ye, let alone on me, can't ye, dew!"

The gearing by this time had wound him up so that he was obliged to stand on tip toe. His hands were revolving vigorously behind him, though he dared not venture them too near the "seat of war." The card stripper threw off the belt, but the momentum cylinder kept revolving, and the green 'un, supposing it in full operation, burst out anew.

"O stop her! Stop her, won't ye? Stop her, dew! I ain't well, and I orter be at hum. Father wants the steers, and mothers' goin' to bake. Stop the tarnal masheen—can't ye? Dew! Oh dear, I'll be keerded and spun, and sot intew lockets! Je-ru-sa-lem! how I wish I was tew hum!"

The card was stopped at last; but Jonathan's clothes were so entangled in the gearing that it was no small task to extricate him. Like Othello, he was "not easily moved," and it was only by cutting out the whole of the invested territory that he was finally released.

"What are you about here," inquired the overseer, entering.

"Nothing sir, only 'stripping flats,' answered the stripper

Jonathan, not caring to resume his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, a pair of overhauls were charitably loaned him, and he started with his steers on a fast walk towards home, giving a series of short kicks with either leg as he went as if to assure himself that he had brought away his full compliment of limbs from the "cussed masheen."

Boston Yankee Blade.

Doesticks gets Married.

We've taken a partner for life, and I've got a wife. In my room a pair of brown gaiters occupy the corner where our boot-jack used to hang, and we flatter ourselves that I've made a good bargain in the exchange. I now take a renewed interest in the price of beef, and we bully our butcher with the air of a respectable married man. We buy my potatoes now myself, and we are not to be bamboozled out of my spare change by anybody. But I am not a "malefactor," and I did not go on a "train."—We have finished all my "trains," and I henceforth claim for ourself the name of a correct and sober individual. Beer we will not take into my mouth, and our lips shall be sealed when the festive "cocktail" would tempt me to indulge—nor shall the social "cobbler," or the genial "Julep," or the seductive "smash" induce me to fracture our resolution. Ourself is the best judge of the proprieties of my domestic life.

Triangle avaunt! Jones get thee behind me! Mareweight, arint thee! Tying, my jolly joker, not even with thee will I take our accustomed "nip." "H. W. B.," we esteem thee as my friend and our jocose contributor, but thou and I, Henry, have taken our last "swig" from your little private wicker bottle. Delmonico's shall know us no more, and at Mataran's shall I never again comfort ourself with my mid-day sherry which did so much refresh us. Depart from us, Arnold! tempt me not.

We are now a Benedick, and I am determined to become respectable, steady, and serious. I have invented an anti-bachelor's multiplication table, which we have learned by heart, and which I commend to the careful consideration of our readers:

Twice two "smashes" buys a box of hair-pins.

Twice three "cobblers" buys a pair of earrings (cheap.)

Twice four "lagers" buys a pair of gloves (female.)

Twice five "julips" buys a breast-pin, (female.)

Twice six "punches" buys a linen collar (female.)

Twice seven "ales" buys a pair of shoes, (female.)

Twice eight "toddies" buys a calico dress, with cloth enough for a basque and pantalettes.

Twice nine "bitters" buys a summer bonnet, (and leaves a trifle towards the vail and trimmings.)

Twice ten "sangarees" buys a pair of stays, (machine-stitched, with patent eyelets and embroidered down the neck.)

Twice eleven "slings" buys a collar and under-sleeves, (and leaves a balance towards the fringe.)

Twice twelve "brandy straights" are good for a hooped skirt, (light-house size,) two pair of long stockings, and a silk parasol. And so on through, ending up with,

Twelve times twelve baskets of champagne pays house-rent for a year, and leaves a margin."

It's astonishing how much I've learned of the mysteries of feminine apparel in ten days. I know that the dear creatures trim their bonnets with foundation muslin; that it takes three breadths and a half to make a dress, and that the lower edge of their white skirts is always hem-stitched with lace-work.

Good-bye, Bachelordom. We are a married individual, though still, as ever, with a considerable reservation. Yours,

DOESTICKS, P. B.

Mr. Spurgeon on Dancing—The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the great English preacher, announces that dancing is a very healthy exercise, and it is only the dancing of ladies with gentlemen that is objectionable, and hence he advises that this "healthy exercise" be practised seperately! If Mr. Spurgeon cannot suggest something better, we fancy dancing will go on as usual. The girls had rather give up dancing altogether than to be compelled to dance without their beaux for partners.